

# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



DECEMBER — 1952

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.



---

# JOURNAL STAFF



## EDITORIAL STAFF

*Editor-in-Chief* . . . . . Sandra Vose  
*News Editors* . . . . . Nancy Lawlor, Geraldine Drummey  
*Exchange Editor* . . . . . Jane Lewis  
*Art Editors* . . . . . Alice Dolan, Jean Ingram  
*Art Committee*—Susan Hearty, Beverlee Thomson, Helen Mooradkanian, Elaine Jiadosz  
*Humor Editors* . . . Martha Cavallaro, Barbara Wainwright  
*Humor Committee* . Priscilla Gidley, Carole Smith, Gertrude Klufts

## REPORTERS

<i>Boys' Sports</i> . . . . Robert Kahwajy	<i>Student Council</i> . . . . Nancy Burke
<i>Girls' Sports</i> —Edith Bamford, Roberta Bamford	<i>Senior Class</i> . . . . Joanne Greene
<i>Clubs</i> —Ina Thomson, Nancy Burke, Claire Markey, Ivy Awley	<i>Junior Class</i> . . . . Josephine Luzzio
<i>Assemblies</i> . . . . Helen McCarthy	<i>Sophomore Class</i> . Margaret Macklin
<i>Guidance</i> . . . . . Mary Love	<i>Freshman Class</i> . . Priscilla Legare
	<i>Special Features</i> — Frances Broderick, Louise Currier, Dorothy Weingart

## BUSINESS MANAGERS

Lois Milliken                      Katherine Himber

## ASSISTANTS

Douglas Auer                      Leo Axtin

## PROOFREADERS

Richard Neal	Lorraine Gibson	Joan Valliere	Helen McCarthy
Donald Slipp	Roberta Bamford	Jane Sargent	Margaret Macklin

## ROOM AGENTS

Doris Bisson	Dorothy McCarthy	Judith Cyr
Barbara Weed	Rosemary Burke	Alice Dolan
Joan Valliere	Jane Sargent	Shirley Scheipers

## TYPISTS

Senior Typing Class

## FACULTY ADVISOR

Ruth Ann Mooradkanian

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL . . . . .	1	SPORTS . . . . .	18
LITERARY . . . . .	2	EXCHANGE . . . . .	20
RECORD . . . . .	13	HUMOR . . . . .	20
TALK OF THE SCHOOL . . . .	14		

Cover Design by Alice Dolan, '53  
Inside Art Work by Susan Hearty, '54

---

# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of Johnson High School, North Andover, Massachusetts

VOL. XXIX

DECEMBER ISSUE

NO. 1

## EDITORIAL



### WELCOME TO THE FRESHMEN

Welcome, Freshmen, to Johnson High School! The entire staff of the *Journal* extends its sincere greetings to you and we hope your four years at Johnson will be both enjoyable and profitable. We, the student body and faculty, are always ready to help you in any possible way, so please feel free to ask questions.

Remember, you are here to learn. You will find that your years of education will slip away all too soon, so make use of them now. However, don't forget all the other extra-curricular activities at Johnson! We urge you to take part in as many as you can.

We have clubs about twice a month and you may take your choice, among the varied and interesting ones, of the one which best suits you. We have also many dances which you shouldn't miss, especially the first one designed for your class—the Freshman-Senior Dance.

Football, basketball and baseball are among the many sports enjoyed here and this season, we hope, will be a successful one for Johnson.

See the games; go to the dances;

join a club, and be an active part of school life at good old J. H. S.!

Sandra Vose, '53

### SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

Many of us fail to do what we set out to do simply because we are too impatient. We are in too great a hurry for success. We waste time in looking for short cuts instead of settling down to the hard work that will get us the things we want.

It's a good thing to desire success and to hope to reach our goals as soon as possible. No one in his right mind would suggest making the road any longer than necessary. But when we take a short cut we should be quite sure that it is leading us in the right direction and not up some blind alley of disappointment and failure.

Most of us would do better if we gave up the idea of succeeding without hard work. And we would find real satisfaction in knowing that we'd done a good job, if we did work hard for it.

Ask anyone who has accomplished something worthwhile in life what he thinks about this. No matter what his business or profession may be, he is likely to tell you that there is no substitute



for hard work. The same rule applies to studies and sports.

Success is within the reach of everyone, but only those who work for it will get it. We will never enjoy real success if we wait for it to fall into our laps.

Joan Tanski, '55

### KEEP OUR LUNCHROOM CLEAN!

Ever since school began this year, we, the students, have been reminded of the deplorable condition in which we leave our lunchroom. Mr. Hayes has repeatedly warned us of the consequences of being caught littering the floors and, so far, his words have been ignored.

Now let's face it; we're the only ones who use our cafeteria day by day. No one from the outside sneaks in after dark and deliberately tosses papers around and leaves crumpled straws and bags on the floor or on the tables. The only guilty ones are the pupils of Johnson High School themselves.

I'm sure that most of us don't leave our own tables at home in such a disgraceful manner. Then why do it in school? Our cafeteria is our own dining room where we should eat our lunch in just the same manner and type of surroundings as we do in our own homes.

Let's remember that we're all supposed to be clean-living, grown-up Americans. The best way to prove that statement is to live up to it.

Sandra Vose, '53

### THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

It is Christmas Eve, cold and snowy. A small boy in ragged clothing stands gazing at the beautiful display of toys and games in a department store window. He is the lad you see on any street corner in any city calling, "Papers, Papers!!"

Last minute shoppers hurry by paying no attention to the small figure. They are far too busy thinking of the wonderful time they themselves will have the next day.

The boy finally turns from the display. He mingles with the crowd and is soon lost from sight. Where has he gone?

Well, probably he wends his way to a heatless house where a half dozen like him live.

But this is not the only family who will go without the splendor of Christmas unless someone is generous. So don't be selfish this Christmas. Open your heart and your pocketbook and drop a coin in Santa's bucket.

You'll be happier if you make someone else happy.

Margaret Macklin, '55



## LITERARY

### CHRISTMAS

Throughout the Christian world, the holiday most universally enjoyed by young and old alike is Christmas. Although each country has its own special kind of celebration, the most important

feature of all—the true Christmas spirit of "good will to men"—is found everywhere.

With time, however, Christmas has gradually become an occasion of general rejoicing, and many picturesque customs have come into

being. Although some of the things we do date back to the actual birth of Christ, others are of recent origin. Some of the earliest Christmas customs, strangely enough, were taken directly from the pagans, who had for centuries used them in their festivities.

From the ancient Scandinavians or Germans came the idea of the Yule log, which they burned in honor of their god, Thor. In the seventeenth century the Germans introduced the lighted and decorated tree. The custom spread throughout Christendom. It reached England through the marriage of Queen Victoria to a German prince. Mistletoe was first used because it was thought to protect one from witches and sickness; in Norse mythology it was considered sacred. Holly, laurel, and other foliage were tucked into corners about the home. Wreaths of holly represented the crown of thorns which Roman soldiers placed upon Christ's head. The red holly berries symbolized drops of blood on his forehead.

Beautiful Christmas carols are an indispensable part of the holiday season. They are hymns of rejoicing and praise. Some of the carols which we know today date back to the Middle Ages.

Rollicking Saint Nicholas himself, red robes, ermine, and all, came to America from Holland. He was the patron saint of children. In America, however, he became known as Santa Claus.

In English-speaking countries it is customary for children to hang up their stockings the night before Christmas with the expectation of finding them filled with gifts on Christmas morning. In Holland and France, children set their wooden shoes at the fireside. In Norway, gifts for the children are hidden in all parts of the house. Mexican children find their gifts

in a deep pottery urn hanging from the center of the room. Each child, blindfolded, has a chance to strike the urn until it breaks, scattering the gifts on the floor. Italian children draw their gifts from an "urn of Fate."

Christmas is a time of family reunions and group celebrations, when, more than at any other time of the year, people spread good cheer and kindness among their fellow men. Greetings are expressed by cards and gifts. Whole communities join in making Christmas a happy time for even the lowliest and loneliest of human beings. It is particularly a children's holiday, but a day anticipated and enjoyed by those of all ages. May this Christmas be the happiest yet!

Mildred Rose, '54

---

## SWAMP REVENGE

The scream of a small animal broke the stillness of the vast swamp. Along the narrow, worn paths, Jabey Black hurriedly made his way. Over his shoulder was the old Winchester 22.

Jabey was hurrying because he had just killed a man. No, not just another swamper, but a federal warden was his victim. The warden had jumped Jabey just after he had killed a deer with the aid of his illegal light. There was nothing for the swamper to do but to fill him with lead so he would not bother Jabey again. Besides, he had already been in jail once and he did not want to go through the experience again.

But now the swamper was worried. He knew wardens never traveled the big swamps alone. The dead warden's partner must have heard the shots and by now he should have found his body. He would be trailing Jabey now, and Jabey was putting as much



distance between him and the warden as possible.

He was not going back to his shack tonight because the warden might think he was there. No, tonight Jabey would sleep in a tree deep in the swamp he knew and loved so well. The vast, dark, forbidding swamp held no fear for him for he had lived in it since he was a boy, and there was not a trail or path he didn't know about.

Suddenly there was a crack against one of his heavy boots, and Jabey stopped only long enough to crush the Cotton Mouth that had struck at his boot. The only time Jabey feared snakes was when they were in the low branches where they could drop on a man's shoulders.

As he hurried along, Jabey came upon the tracks of a big cat. Tomorrow, Jabey thought, he would track down the cat with his hounds and kill it. It would be one more added to the long list of wildlife he had removed from the swamp.

Jabey was thinking about this as he ducked under a low limb. Then, something fell on his shoulder and there was something like the burn of a cigarette on his neck. He jumped away in horror and the huge snake fell heavily to the damp earth. In panic, Jabey emptied his gun into the snake and then began to run in blind terror.

He smashed blindly into trees, tripped over cypress roots and splashed crazily over shallow sloughs in his headlong panicky flight. Already Jabey could feel the intense burning pain stab through his body, and it increased as he sought his mad escape.

Suddenly, his headlong flight was stopped by a bed of quicksand he had often avoided in the past. He struggled like a wild-man, but slowly he was drawn into the slimy muck. He screamed in agony but these screams were stilled as Jabey

slid under the quicksand. His cries had stilled forever.

Back on the trail the warden, who had been trailing the swamper, came across a harmless black snake which had been killed only recently. In fact, the blood still oozed out of the holes made by the 22 rifle which the warden found in the dirt. The great swamp had had its revenge.

Philip Coates, '54

## THROUGH THE AIR

It was a quiet, peaceful night, this particular night of December 24th. Then suddenly, what should appear but a gay, miniature sleigh drawn by eight tiny reindeer. As the silvery moonlight sparkled on the brightly colored sleigh, just imagine who became visible—his face pink from the cold night air, his snowy beard white and bushy eyebrows glistening, and a special twinkle in his eye—why, of course, that generous old soul Saint Nick.

"Ah," sighed Santa, as he glanced down upon the soundless, picturesque scene below, "such a peaceful and serene night."

Oops, did I say only eight tiny reindeer? Here comes another. Is this an hallucination? Oh no, it's Rudolph—tardy, as usual. Clumsy and awkward, he prances to the sleigh—but no, oh no, could this happen? In his hurry he has knocked poor Santa from his sleigh.

Down, down, down tumbles Santa. Thud! He lands on the newly-fallen snow.

"Look!" cried Sammy, the squirrel. "It's Santa Claus! Everyone come. It's Santa! Santa!"

Yes, Santa had landed in the midst of the animal kingdom.

"Why Santa," exclaimed Mrs. Owl, "do come in and explain what has happened."

So Santa, just a bit stiff from his fall, followed kind Mrs. Owl and

her family to their inviting home, trailed by all the families of the forest—the Deer family, the Rabbit family, and oh, so many more.

Shall we switch the scene and eavesdrop on Dasher, Dancer, and Prancer?

“What shall we do? What shall we do?” they cried in a chorus. “We shall never find our way to our Santa through the darkness and fog.”

“Oh, please, please, let me lead!” begged Rudolph hopefully.

“But look at the misery you’ve already caused us,” they exclaimed angrily.

Meanwhile, Santa was enjoying hot cocoa and home-made doughnuts.

“But,” reminded Mr. Owl, “aren’t you worried about your sleigh and reindeer? How shall you ever make all your deliveries tonight?”

At this, Santa sprang to his feet, and explaining he would signal to his reindeer so they might locate him, departed immediately.

During the absence of Santa, the animals decided they must do something for him, for he had been so very kind. Santa’s costume—his brown trousers, green jacket, and yellow cap had been miserably torn.

“So,” suggested Fluffy, the rabbit, “let us sew him a complete new outfit.”

And so they did. Red jacket, cap, mittens, and trousers from Andy the Giant’s long red cloak, and all were made for Santa in those very few moments when he had rushed out to look for his reindeer.

“Tee hee!” the animals giggled. “Look! Here’s our Christmas present to you.”

“You generous—,” began Santa, but tears choked his words. He showered them with gifts from his pack and joyfully said, “Happy

Christmas to all and to all a good night!”

And now you know why Santa always wears his bright red suit, and why Rudolph leads the eight tiny reindeer. So children, be good, now go to bed, for Santa comes tonight, remember?

So ends this special story-hour for children—a bed-time story over this radio network especially prepared for the night before Christmas.

Beverlee Thomson, '54

---

Camp Onway  
Raymond, N. H.  
November 3, 1952

Deer Silas:

I am riting to tell you about the nite i spent in the open. At 8 bells afternoon watch Sat. mawnin we started on our way ter the camp in Raymond N.H. It took us bout an our ter get thair. Wen we arroved we made camp, started our first meal and inside half our we wuz eatin, and it sure tasted good. Towards evening we made plans to have watches beginnin at 4 bells to 8 bells first nite watch. John Glennie had this watch, mine wuz next frum 8 bells to 4 bells mid watch. Dick Cole wuz follerin me frum 4 bells to 8 bells same watch and Tom Hamilton brot up the rear frum 8 bells to 4 bells mawnin watch, Phil Robbins and Eddie Quinlin cum up round supper time and exed us to cum down ter the cabin on the lake and play kards. Nobody wuz inerested, becuz we wuz eatin our supper, in anythin else till we wuz throo. Phil and Eddie wuz goin inter Raymond fer a few minutes n wood be rite back. By the time they got back we all desided ter go down and play fer a wile and it wuz a wile 2. By now the storm clouds thet had gathered begun ter leek a bit and wile we wuz on hour way ter the truck it reely



opened up and ter top it off Quinlin made us set in the back of the truck so we gut a lidle bit wet. When we gut down ter the cabin we had a cup uv cawfee and that warmed us up a bit. By the way it wuz bout my 10th cup since I gut up that mawnin but the werst wuz yet to cum. We started playin and after a wile Al Firth, our adult leeder, and Tom Hamilton cum down ter play. The rain had stopped fer a wile so we had anuther cup a cawfee and sum pineapple skwares. 2 lanterns wuz lit 1 abuv Quinlin's head witch he refewsed ter moov after bangin his head on it 5 times wun after anuther wile tryin to git up. The othur 1 wuz abuv the table but it mite jest as well bin under the table fer it kept goin owt. Round 3 bells first nite watch Phil turned in an Al went back ter the tent ter git sum sleep and he did 2. The rest of uz contineed ter play kards til Glennie n me heded back ter the tent fer it wuz Glennie's watch n i went and hit the hay i meen the rocks, but before leevin we wuz perswaded ta have anuther cup a cawfee and it didn't take much perswading either. It wuz a beautiful nite owt. The win wuz blowin the warter offa the trees in hour face as we walked long the road back to camp. When we finally made it back to camp we started the fire thet Al had let go owt. I went into the tent to try to git some sleep witch wuz impossible to do. Glennie wuz on watch, Cole, Hamilton, and Quinlin were still playin kards wile every 1 else wuz asleep, ceptin me. i laid their tryin ta sleep but didn't suck seed in doin so. i wuz most asleep round 10 minutes 2-12 but woke rite up an gut dressed, went owt n cum rite back in again cause i need my peacoat it wuz sow kold. Glennie wuz drinkin sum hot soup tomato he called it. i was kold sow i had sum 2 n a cupa hot caw-

fee witch had been perkin since supper, so i don't hafta tell you how it tasted or felt, but i still drunk it. The win reely whipped up the fire sow i set down to enjoy my soup. Glennie wuz in his sleepin bag n sleepin but not for long. After i finished my cawfee i throo a log on the fire, n leaned back again a tree n turned down the lantern hangin abuv my head in the tree. Cole'n Hamilton were still playin kards. By the time they gut back Cole's watch begun. Glennie woke up telling me bout sum smoke gittin in his i's so i told im to look fer the silver lining. Speakin of smoke it was hangin low over the camp fire, a sure sign of rain n it did, but not fer long. Glennie axed fer the Coleman abuv me, so i give it to im sayin it give off good lite but didn't fer long fer he burn't owt the mantle in it. So we didn't have any lite cept the fire and my flashlite and that did not last long either. When he went to sleep again all wuz quiet cept fer the win blowin in the trees n the crakin of the fire. At the stated time Cole, Hamilton, n Quinlin showed up. So Glennie and i went in the tent to sleep. i slept bout a half n our when i wuz awakened by a loud crakin sound. I stuck my head out of the tent to sea what it wuz that woke me. i only saw Quinlin pullin trees owt of the ground buy there roots sow i wen back, gut dressed, cum owt, had a nudder cup of cawfee, same pot since supper, an joined them in tellin jokes after Quinlin was throo killin trees. When Glennie woke up he had a cup of cawfee and wen back to bed again. The rest of the boys were quietin down an soon was asleep sow i went back 2 my sleepin bag n gut the best sleep of the nite. The time wuz 2 bella mawnin watch. i was awakend by Hamilton tellin me the oatmeal was redy 2 eat n he had jest started



the eggs. i tolled him that i wishd he wood go lay 1. We all gut up an ete, n towards noon we started to brake camp. When we had dinner we loaded hour gear onto the trailer. The we started to help Quinlin remoove sum of his trees on his lot. Round 4 bells afternoon watch we started home, said good-buy to Eddie n Phil, n tolled im we wood bee up sometime round New Year's. We all slept on the way home cept Al who wuz drivin. All in all we had a swell time on hour trip.

your fiend

Snuffy

Herbert Ackroyd, '53

### THOUGHTS OF THE OUTPOST GUARD

The last time I looked at my watch it was ten-twenty P. M. That isn't late but it's pitch dark. Never saw it so dark. Even the snow looks black. I can just see my buddy—not even five feet away. As usual, we have drawn the worst post on the worst night. We are expecting an enemy attack at anytime. Our job is to watch for any signs of enemy movement.

The moon's breaking through now. Still can't see any enemy movement. I guess all we can do is sit and wait and drink cold coffee and eat the little K-rations we have.

The hardest part is to stay awake. You can't move and the cold numbs you. That's why I'm writing this, to stay awake. Maybe I'll write a book on the Korean War, if I live.

Wait a minute. I think Joe's seen something. Huh! False alarm. I wish he had. Then maybe we could get out of this stinking hole.

My butt just went out. Where'd I put my pack? Ah, I got 'em. Tastes lousy. Maybe it's the brand. Nah. All butts taste lousy

on an empty stomach. The heck with it.

There's the phone. Routine probably. Yeah, I was right. They call you up every hour to see if you're awake. The noise these things make wakes half the countryside.

Maybe I'm jumpy, I don't know. There goes the moon again. I'll have to check my rifle, make sure it isn't frozen. Good, it isn't. If it was, I'd spend the next twenty minutes thawing it out. Haven't had any sleep in forty-seven hours or is it forty-eight. I don't know. The heck with it. Boy I'm tired. I wish I could see what I'm writing. I think I'm running the lines together.

Hmm. Eleven-forty. The relief should be here in ten minutes. Here they come now. But we still can't go. Have to wait for the twelve o'clock check.

No one's talking much. Can't blame them. Words freeze before they come out.

Boy, I'm cold. Wish I were back at camp. At least you could sleep and get something hot to drink. Think I'll have another cigarette. Still tastes lousy. Let's see how far I can flip it. Not so good. Did better as a kid.

There's the phone! Just have to answer it and I'll be ready for the ten mile hike back to camp.

Clinton Hollins, '54

### HORROR

A small light gleamed balefully from a cellar window in the old house. The building, having a reputation of being haunted, seemed to harbor some kind of life. In the small cellar room, lighted only by a flickering candle, was a work bench covered with various apparatus. At one end of this ancient bench a small black box was being examined by a grizzled old man. Various knobs and

levers protruded from the box and these were being carefully adjusted by the strange man.

The room itself was not more than twenty feet square and was empty except for the man and his workbench.

The old man took a wire which was fastened to some storage batteries and wrapped it around a small post that stuck out of one corner of the box. As he drew his gloved hand away, his wrist brushed the wire and a searing flame leaped across his bare wrist. Without uttering a sound he examined the flesh on his wrist, then he went back to work. Shuffling down to the other end of the bench, he began to search through the drawers. Various containers of different shapes were produced and these he carried back to the box. After making a few more adjustments, he opened a small cover on the box and stuck a funnel in the opening. Then he began to empty the various bottles into the funnel.

After executing this operation, he took a small motor and connected a wire to a small bar which was protruding from the opposite side where he had put the other wire. He started the motor and once more began to adjust knobs and levers on the box.

A bubbling and churning could be heard from within the box and the old man made a few more adjustments. He then began to watch a small 'dial intently, the needle of which was climbing rapidly. Suddenly, realizing that something was wrong, he disconnected the motor. But, to his horror, the needle climbed even more rapidly.

Suddenly there was a flash of light and an explosion. Glass and metal were flying everywhere. Then, silence, broken only by a shuffling sound from the stairs. Something had lived through the

explosion and it could be dimly seen groping its way up the stairs.

The dark shape reached the door, and after fumbling with it for a while, opened it and vanished into the darkness of the night. In a corner of the battered room, protruding from a pile of glass and brush, a human hand with a red burn on its wrist, gave a few convulsive twitches and then lay still.

Philip Coates, '54

## THE HOMELY CATERPILLAR

On the underside of a milkweed leaf there nestled a cluster of tiny white eggs that glistened like pearls. The warm sun shone on them lovingly, and the summer wind whispered gently across them. They were very beautiful.

"Something very lovely is sure to come from such eggs," said the sun to the wind, "so I must keep them warm. The more beautiful things there are in this world, the happier place it will be."

"Yes," said the wind. "I must be careful not to disturb them."

The sun and the wind watched and waited day after day. At last they were rewarded, for one egg cracked open. Out came an ugly black and white caterpillar!

The sun was so disappointed that it went behind a cloud. The wind was so disgusted that it blew into a whirlwind, breaking off the milkweed leaf and crushing all the other eggs. The homely little caterpillar was dashed to the ground.

"Live or die as you may," said the wind. "You are too ugly to bother with." And it whirled away.

The ugly little caterpillar was sad to hear the wind speak this way. She wanted to live and so, slowly, slowly she crawled back to the milkweed plant and up its sturdy stalk until she came to a broad leaf. There she rested until



she felt strong again. Soon she began to eat one edge of the leaf. It tasted so good that she ate quite a lot. Then she took a nap. After awhile she woke up and began to eat again. She lived in this way for several days—eating and sleeping, sleeping and eating.

One day some children came into the meadow where the caterpillar lived. They had a picnic lunch, and the caterpillar crawled over to visit them. Just as she started across the tablecloth, she heard the children shriek in terror.

“A caterpillar! Ugh, how ugly. Go away. Shoo! You’ve spoiled the picnic!”

The children picked up the lunch baskets and ran off to another part of the meadow.

The poor homely caterpillar was very unhappy. “Why did I have to be born?” she said. “There is enough ugliness in the world already.” And she began to cry.

The grass heard her and rustled in sympathy. “Do not cry,” it said. “Be patient and someday you’ll be happy.”

The caterpillar bravely dried her tears and went back to her old life of eating and sleeping. She was getting much bigger now, so big that her skin felt uncomfortably tight. One day it split down the back, and she wiggled and wiggled out of it.

“Why,” she said aloud, “I have a new skin. How comfy it feels! I wonder, am I still ugly?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the sun, who overheard her. “Although you have some new yellow stripes that aren’t so bad. Yellow is such a fine color, I wear it.”

The caterpillar felt encouraged by the sun’s words and went on sleeping and eating. Perhaps if she ate enough she would get another new skin. Sure enough, she did. But it was no more beautiful than her old one. Twice more she split her skin down the back, and

twice more she wiggled out to find her new skin as ugly as her old one.

Then the little caterpillar started to have strange dreams. She dreamed she was sailing through the air while everyone cried, “Look, how beautiful!”

One day the caterpillar was filled with a sudden desire to hang by her heels from the underside of a milkweed leaf. It seemed very silly, but she couldn’t help herself. She grew quite dizzy with her head hanging down that way. Everything seemed strange and unreal. Her skin split down the back again and she wiggled free. “Why, I’m turning green,” she thought, “as green as a leaf, a beautiful green.” And then she drifted off into dreams again.

For a long time she slept and knew nothing. When she awoke she was struggling to get out of her skin. Only her skin seemed different, somehow. She climbed up to the top of the leaf. A strange new feeling flowed through her body—a feeling like wind in a meadow grass. She lifted her head and opened her eyes and saw herself. Why—why—she had wings! Beautiful red-brown wings with a delicate pattern of black lines across them and a black border with white dots!

She fanned her wings back and forth slowly until she was sure of her strength. Then slowly she spread them wide and went flying across the meadow.

“Look, how beautiful!” said the sun.

“Beautiful!” echoed the wind.

And the grass rustled with happiness. Ida Mammino, '55

---

## AN IRISH FAIRY TALE

My name is Antonio Guisippe Gino Enriquo Batchigalupo, of Dublin, Ireland. This strange tale all began back in “02” when I was a very young man. In fact, that

was the year I was born. I struck out to find the much talked about "Blarney Stone."

One dark, foggy night I heard some strange sounds in the nearby woods. As I went to investigate, I found a group of leprechauns dancing around a campfire. They were reciting this weird bit of verse:

"One bright, sunny day, in the  
middle of the night,  
Two dead boys got up to fight.  
Back to back they faced each  
other,  
Drew their swords and shot  
each other.  
One deaf bobbie heard the  
noise,  
And came to the rescue of the  
two dead boys."

I knew if I could capture a leprechaun he would have to lead me to a pot of gold. But, instead of me catching one of them, they caught me. Before I knew what had happened, I was tied to a stake in the middle of the gathering. They kept dancing around me. Then they forced me to drink a small vial of some silvery liquid.

When I awoke they were gone. I looked at myself in my little pocket mirror. I stood about two feet tall and had a long, white beard of about eight feet in length. Faith and begorra! I knew then that they had changed me into a leprechaun.

That was back in '02." For fifty years I have wandered around in this condition. The only way I can break the spell is to find a person crazy enough to believe me. So, if you see a man of my description and he tells you a story similar to this, please believe him, for who knows, it might be me.

Bruce Hamilton, '54

## SLEEP

I lay in bed and gazed at the inky blackness surrounding me. Somewhere in the distance a clock struck twelve, its clear, ringing tones piercing the stillness of the night. Then all was quiet once more.

Would I never go to sleep? I had been here merely two hours but to me it seemed like forever. Ten o'clock was a rather early hour for me to retire but tonight, being especially tired, I had rushed through my home-work and jumped into bed as quickly as possible.

But why, oh why couldn't I get to sleep? I was still tired. There was no doubt about that, but my eyes just refused to close.

I thought of the methods some people use to put themselves to sleep. Counting sheep? Well, it seemed a little ridiculous to me but I was willing to try anything. I imagined a low fence in a large green field and tried to picture sheep jumping over it. But it was no use. Instead of putting me to sleep it kept me wide-awake, trying to keep count of every sheep as it passed by.

How about some warm milk? I had often heard of it as a remedy for sleeplessness and now I decided to test it and find out. I eased myself out of bed, slid into my bathrobe and slippers and started quietly downstairs on my tiptoes. Did those stairs always creak so? The sound, magnified by the stillness, seemed loud enough to arouse everyone; but it failed to do so and I continued my journey to the kitchen. Once there, I rapidly heated some milk and drank it. It tasted delicious, but would it encourage sleep?

I hurried back to bed to await its results but nothing happened. I lay there for what seemed like hours still I could not go to sleep.



Reaching up, I snapped on my bed lamp and glanced at the clock. Only 12:30. If I wasn't going to sleep, at least time could pass more quickly. But it refused to accommodate me and dragged on slowly.

I turned over restlessly and buried my head in my pillow. Why was this happening to me? Usually I went right to sleep without any effort at all but tonight was different. Why?

Then, suddenly, I had an idea. I got out of bed, put on the light and picked up a school book. Then I climbed back into bed and started to read. In less than five minutes my eyelids began to feel heavy and gradually to descend. This method was foolproof. I put off the light and soon was sleeping peacefully. Who said school books are useless? Why, if it hadn't been for them, I might still be awake.

Barbara Wainwright, '54

### AUTUMN

A mischievous sprite has again stolen Mother Nature's neat artist's palette of colors and streaked with gay abandon smatterings of red and yellow over the face of the earth. The sun beats warmly on my head, but an almost cold wind plays in my hair and rustles the dry leaves with a sound like crickets in a dewy meadow, or the rustle of taffeta on a dance floor.

Today I am No One, suspended for a moment between two worlds. Yesterday, it was summer, and I was myself, climbing a high rock to see the foaming madness of a waterfall through its own silver spray; pitching a tent near the shore of a lake; shouting during a water fight with a friend in a pond fed by a cool-flowing spring; dreaming before a campfire and singing sentimental camp ballads. Yesterday it was summer, and I was myself.

Tomorrow it will be winter, and

I shall be—myself, but a different sort of me: sitting before the fireplace chewing a pencil over my homework; laughing at a friend's imitation of a mutual acquaintance standing on a chair in a big hall, getting ready for a school dance; taking part in a club meeting with my girl friends; walking alone, or with a friend, down a gay street of lighted shop windows filled with bright store displays, and then turning off into a quiet little road illuminated only by dim street lights.

Tomorrow it will be winter, and I shall be—myself. But today the world is still. Time is not here, and I am No One.

Kay Himber, '54

### TOO LATE!

I'm scared. Terribly scared. And I'm afraid too. Afraid of this big building looming before me—afraid of the shouting, laughing crowd mingled in front of it—afraid of the teachers—afraid of all the newness I feel around me.

I don't know why I have to suffer like this; I didn't want to move. And to come to a small town where everyone knows each other was worse. I'll have no fun. I'll never be invited to all the parties as I was at home. Marty coming to pick me up. It was so—

"Oh no, it was my fault. Never mind, I can pick up my books myself."

"Sure, I can pick up my own books. Why shouldn't I? I know that you just said that to be courteous. You didn't really mean that you were sorry you bumped me. You with your six feet of muscle and your blond, curly hair that I'd love to run my fingers through. You with those big, shiny eyes that made my heart melt when I happened to look into them for a moment. Why should you care?

That's it. Stop at that crowd

and say, "Hi" to all the guys, and tell them what a dud you ran into back there. Tell them that she was dumb enough to refuse to let you pick up her books. Tell them to sneak a look over here when they think I'm not looking. You know I'll pretend not to notice, but I will, and I'll be hurt. Then you'll snub me. No girl likes to be snubbed or be called stuck-up. But you'll do that because I'm new here. You only think of—

"Excuse me. I didn't mean to bump you."

"No, never mind. I can find my room myself."

Excuse me, hah! I didn't run into you—you ran into me. But I have to say. "Excuse me" because I don't know you, and I do want to make a good impression here—like fun! I don't care what you think or what you say. Yes I do, but I'm too proud to admit it. I do care, because I know that you're one of the leaders here. Senior class secretary or something. How could you be anything

else? Even without a personality that ebony hair, those sky-blue eyes, and your scarlet mouth so vivid against your milk-white skin would get you places. But you probably do have a wonderful personality. People like you always do. Why some people seem to have all the luck is more than—

"No, I can get my lock undone myself. Never mind. I don't need help."

No! I didn't mean that. I do need help. Please come back and offer to help me again. Oh, I do so want to be liked. Why do I do everything wrong? I'll bet you never want to look at me again. Yet I do want you to. Please come back. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be snobbish—to any of you. Yes, football man—and you, class secretary—and last of all you—you who looked like Marty at home. Give me another chance pl——. No, its no use. They can't hear me now. It's too late.

Kay Himber, '54



## TALK OF THE SCHOOL

On Monday, November 3rd, Johnson High School held an election. At this election we were to vote for President, Vice-President, Governor and Senator. It was very interesting to note how the election turned out.

Eisenhower won the Presidency and Nixon the Vice-Presidency. Kennedy won over Lodge for a seat in the Senate, and Dever and Herter came out even for Governor.

This election gave us an idea as to how the older people would vote because the boys and girls who voted generally picked the candidate their parents would have chosen.

It was a very good idea to have us vote because it showed us how it is done and made us appreciate the fact that the country we are living in does not tell us who to vote for but just tells us to vote.

L.C.



On November 10, 1952, the Senior Class held a Turkey Town Hop for the benefit of its treasury which certainly got a boost.

Every class was represented, from Freshmen to Seniors, and many were present from other schools in the vicinity.

We must admit it was crowded, but this only made for a much gay-er and exciting evening.

The entire Senior Class certainly must be congratulated for the number of tickets they sold and for having such a perfectly wonderful dance. F.B.

After eight weeks of study, a distinct change from last year's routine is noted. No more do we have either a "before" or "after

lunch study period." Now we have classes during first or second recess.

New classes have been added, too, speech, music, art appreciation and consumer education are only a few.

We also have welcomed a new member of the faculty, Mr. Reed Taylor, whose versatility not only enables him to teach speech, but world history and consumer education as well.

A few classes have been altered—among them domestic arts and choral training.

Perhaps the thing that is most widely missed is the recess activities period.

The new system seems to be more efficient and the day passes on wings. D.W.



## RECORD

### FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

Congratulations to the newly-elected class officers. These deserving freshmen, Samuel Galvagna, President; James Norwood, Vice-President; Frances Broderick, Secretary-Treasurer, certainly show the good choice of the present freshman class.

Samuel Galvagna comes to us from the Thomson School, James Norwood from the Kittredge School and Frances Broderick from Saint Michael's.

These students certainly deserve our full cooperation and support.

Again, hearty congratulations. P.L.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS REPORT

This year the Sophomore Class elected as its officers the following:

President, Larry Corcoran, who was our able Vice-President last year. His favorite pastime is playing football.

Vice-President, Maureen Smith, a very popular girl. As her hobbies she lists sports and dancing.

Secretary - Treasurer, Barbara Driscoll, who also had the honor of being chosen as a cheerleader when she was only a freshman.

Good luck to you all! M.M.

### JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

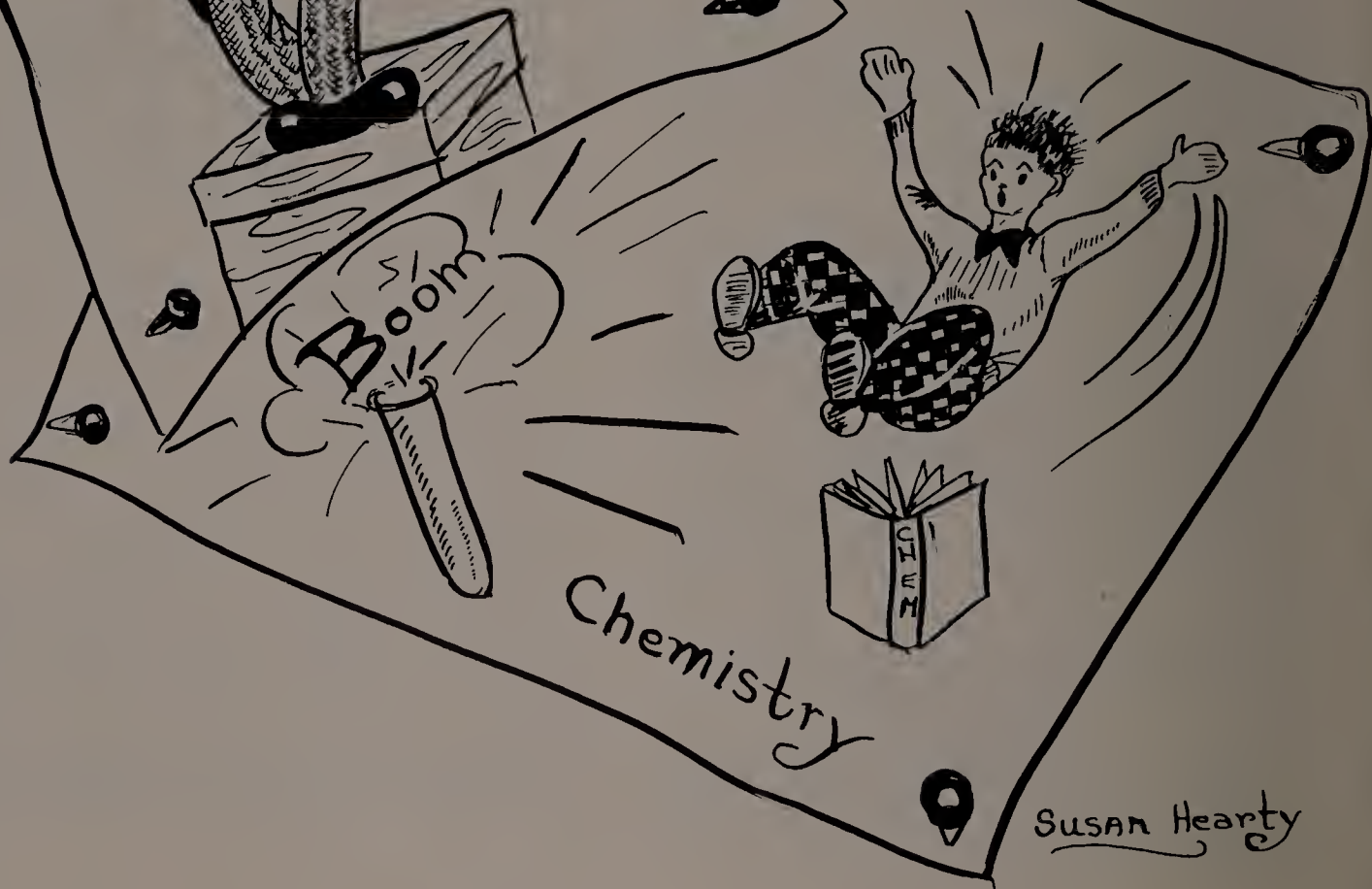
This year the juniors have re-elected last year's leaders:

David Knightly, a popular member of our class, has been chosen once more to take the lead as President.

Ronald Fountain, a member of our football squad, is also very



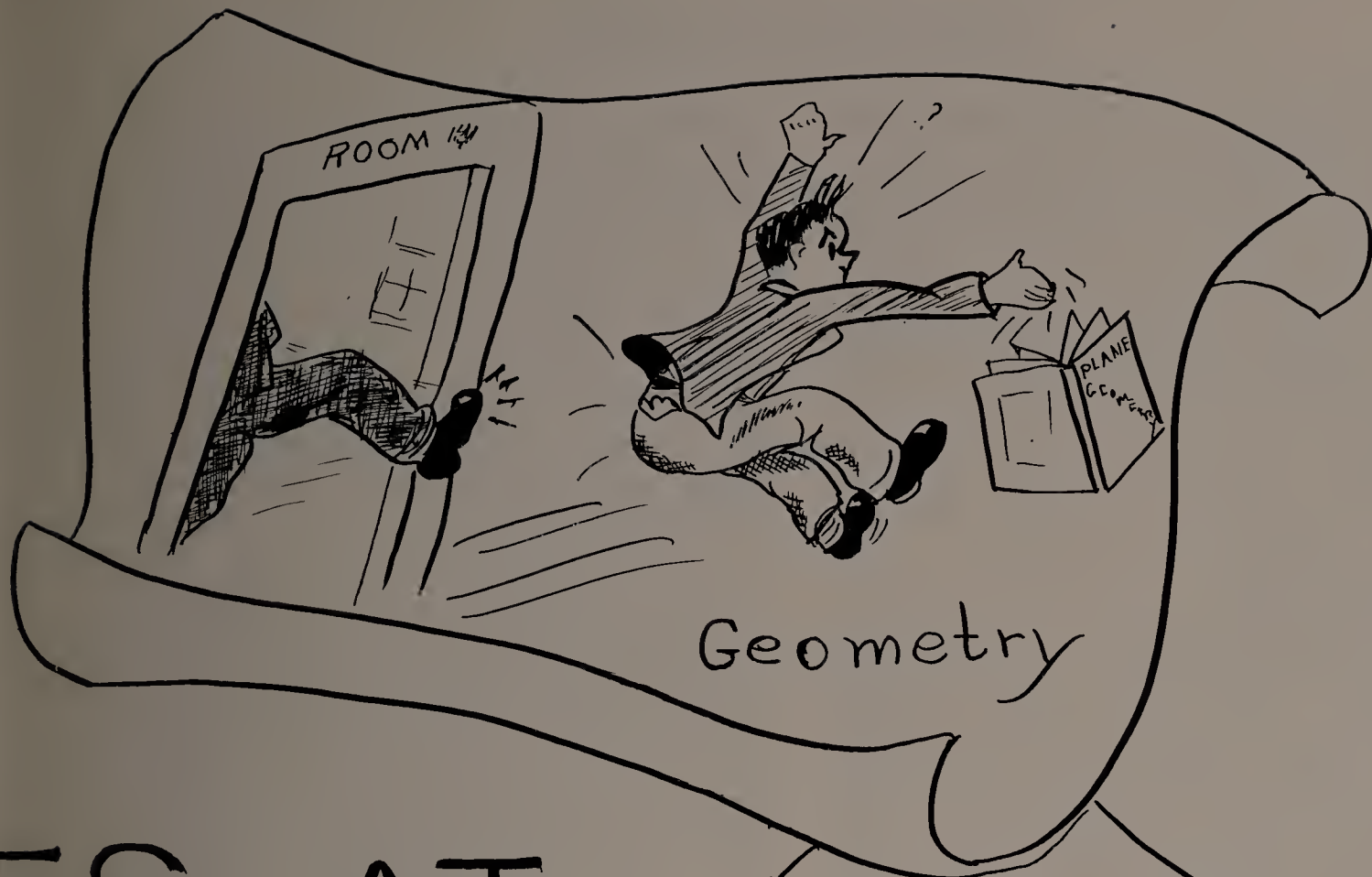
# CLASS JOH



Susan Hearty



# ES AT N SON



well liked and has returned to the office of Vice-President.

Ann Bullock, a member of the National Honor Society and a most likeable girl, comes for her third year as Secretary-Treasurer.

We're all sure that they will do as good a job as last year.

The Juniors have already selected their class rings on a majority vote and are anxiously awaiting their arrival.

We would all like to welcome four new members to the Junior Class. They are: Patricia Knowlton from Danvers High School, Jean McIntosh and Katherine Dineen from Lawrence High School, and Philip Coates from Punchard High School. We hope that they will enjoy being with us as much as we enjoy having them.

J.L.

---

## SENIOR CLASS REPORT

Bob Lewis was elected President of the Senior Class. This is Bob's fourth year as President. Alice Dolan was elected Vice-President and Nancy Lawlor, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Senior Class held a dance entitled The Turkey Town Hop at Stevens Hall, November 10th. A large crowd attended, and the dance was a great success. J.G.

---

## NEW FACULTY MEMBER

This year we have a new addition to our faculty, Mr. Reed Taylor. Mr. Taylor teaches speech, consumer education, and world history and also instructs the students once a week in the junior and senior English classes.

He attended Portland High School in Portland, Maine, and also Bridgton Academy. A graduate with honors from Emerson College, he received a Bachelor of Arts degree in speech, English, and history.

While at Emerson, he was on the dean's list for four years, a member of the Student Government for two years and President of his Junior and Senior classes. "Who's Who in American Colleges" mentioned him prominently in one of its issues. Last year he practice-taught the first semester at Somerville High School and served as a regular teacher the second semester.

Mr. Taylor spent four years in the Coast Guard as a Lieutenant j.g. and upon returning from duty he moved from Maine to Gloucester where he presently resides while not teaching in North Andover. This summer he plans to work for his Master's degree at the University of Maine.

The coming year at Johnson promises to be very exciting and a profitable one for us all with such a well-liked and competent teacher as Mr. Taylor on our teaching staff. S.V.

---

## HIGH SCHOOL PRESS CONFERENCE

The Boston Statler Hotel was recently the scene of a conference of high school editors, sponsored by the Boston Globe, one of New England's great newspapers. The delegates attending from Johnson were Gerry Drummey, Nancy Lawlor, and Sandra Vose. A capacity throng filled both the Georgian Room and Parlor A, when Miss Doris Fleeson, Globe political writer and mistress of ceremonies, called the session to order.

The speakers included such notables as Governors Adlai Stevenson and Paul Dever, Mayor John B. Hynes, and Congressman Christian Herter.

In his speech, Representative Herter denounced the present Democratic administration as being corrupt and wasteful. He claimed that the Massachusetts



road system is the laughing stock of the country and, in campaigning for himself, he vowed that if elected Governor he would do his level best for Massachusetts.

Governor John Lodge spoke next to the gathering. He declared that there is controversy in the Democratic party, citing the apparent opposition of President Truman to Governor Stevenson on the "mess" in Washington. Governor Lodge emphasized his belief that General Eisenhower is the man for the Presidency, stating that, "Lincoln was right for his time, Ike for ours." His feelings were that "Americans are the living key to the problems of the world."

After a brief intermission during which refreshments were served, Miss Fleeson gave an enlightening talk and answered the students' questions pertaining to the political campaign of both parties.

Soon the arrival of Governor Stevenson was announced and, shortly after, he entered the room amid a barrage of shouts and applause. After he was introduced by Governor Dever the Illinois statesman, showing the results of a long and tiring campaign, spoke to the assembled editors for a few moments. He did not discuss the campaign but spoke earnestly to the students, reminding them of their responsibility in the future world and cautioning them to think before making any major decisions.

Governor Stevenson's address brought to a conclusion a meeting considered by those in attendance one of the most interesting and informative in this series of high school editors' conferences. S.V.

### GOBBLER AWARD

The *Gobbler*, which is the Senior Class yearbook, has been awarded a third place certificate from the

Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Each year the Association judges the year-books from the different schools in the country and, at its 18th annual year-book contest, Johnson High won a third place award. Congratulations to Miss Mooradkanian and her last year's staff. G.D.

### STUDENT COUNCIL

At the first meeting of the Student Council the year's officers were elected. These officers are: President, Robert Lewis; Vice-President, Alice Dolan; Secretary-Treasurer, Geraldine Drummey.

A committee of seven was appointed by the President for the purpose of outlining a social program for the coming school year. This committee included the following: Geraldine Drummey '53, Robert Lewis '53, Alice Dolan '53, Edith Bamford '54, David Knightly '54, Charles Kettinger '55, and Samuel Galvagna '56. The calendar, which was approved by the entire Student Council, consisted of the following dances and events:

Freshman-Senior Dance	Nov. 14
Victory Dance	Nov. 27
Football Dance	Dec. 5
Yearbook Dance	Dec. 19
Basketball Dance	Jan. 16
Prom Benefit Dance	Jan. 30
Sophomore-Junior Dance	Feb. 13
Journal Dance	Mar. 6
Student Council Dance	Mar. 27
Honor Society Dance	Apr. 17
School Play	Apr. 23 and 24
Prom	June 5
	N.B.

### NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

On October 10th, at an impressive ceremony, the following members were inducted into the Johnson High School Chapter of the National Honor Society: Claire Arsenault, Geraldine Drummey,

Carol Hamilton, Alice Dolan, Marlene Lovejoy, Elsie Seymour, Edith Bamford, Martha Cavallo, Julia Gillick, and Donald Slipp.

Brief speeches were given by President Sandra Vose, Vice-President Nancy Lawlor, Secretary-Treasurer Marie Mastin, and Lilian Bara.

On Tuesday, October 14th, the officers of our Chapter went to Haverhill High School for the purpose of initiating new members into the Haverhill Chapter of the National Honor Society. They explained the purpose and high ideals of the Society to the new members and the school.

H.M.M.

### BANK DAY

Tuesday of every week has once again been set aside as Bank Day. This system, in connection with the Andover Savings Bank in our town, enables and encourages the students of Johnson High School to save their money.

We hope this system will continue to be as successful as it was in previous years.

G.D.

### GUIDANCE REPORT

Northeastern University of Boston, Mass., offered to send John-

son High, last spring, a series of speakers on different careers and vocational opportunities for young people.

A student committee of seniors was formed. The duties of these students are to greet the speakers, introduce them, and give them the necessary information about our school. Representing the senior class on this committee are Marie Mastin, Gerry Drummey, Alice Dolan, Lois Milliken, Leonard Coppetta, Paul Donovan, Charles Harbolt, and Jack Boyle.

The first meeting, which was held in November, consisted of speakers on the subjects of careers in radio, television, stage work, office work, and mechanics.

A talk is scheduled each month for the benefit of boys alone, for girls alone, and one from which both groups may benefit.

### VISIT FROM NAVAL RECRUITING OFFICER

A naval recruiting officer visited Johnson and spoke to the boys about a career in the navy. He attempted to show the boys that by serving in the United States Navy they could not only help defend our country but also further their education and learn trades.

M.L.



## SPORTS

### GIRLS' SPORTS

This year's cheering squad adds much to the football atmosphere. The energetic, ambitious group of girls under the excellent coaching of Pat Driscoll and Claire Arsenault, the only veteran cheerleaders, have done a splendid job of

boosting the football team's morale. The cheerleaders are: Co-Captains Pat Driscoll and Claire Arsenault, Gerry Drummey, Glenda Girard, Marilyn Burris, Lois Milliken, Madeline Doherty, Beverlee Thomson, and Barbara Driscoll.

Two successful rallies were held



before the Methuen and Wilmington games.

The girls' basketball season has officially started. Under the expert coaching of Mrs. Bateman and the excellent leadership of Captain Joanne Greene, a successful season is anticipated. Girls who have signed up for basketball are: Captain Joanne Greene, Jean Ingram, Alice Dolan, Claire Arsenault, Lois Milliken, Ina Thomson, Edithanne Bamford, Jean MacIntosh, Nancy Burke, Josie Luzzio, Nellie Moschetto, Carol Long, Kitty Driscoll, Madeline Doherty, Maureen Smith, Elsie Thomas, Joan Valiere, Pris Marrs, Jane Sargent, Mimi Burke, Jackie Finn, Barb Driscoll, Bobbie Bamford, Dotty Weingart, Ann Crawford, Joan Tanski, Maureen Cushing, Mary Ann Tymvakieviz, Rosemary Cashman, Patricia Knowlton.

The managers are Louise Currier and Judy Cyr.

E.A.B. and R.E.B.

## BOYS' SPORTS

Grogan's Field was the scene for the opener of Johnson's 1952 gridiron series. Her opposition on this day was Weston. It was a stiff combat during the initial part of the game, and the result was unpredictable. But, after a 61-yard touchdown drive during the first period, the Johnson attack ran out of gas and Weston took advantage of this situation by handing the black and reds' eleven a 20-5 defeat.

The game with Ipswich fell into the same category as the Weston game, for the fighting black and reds were forced to yield to their opponents to a tune of 12-0.

With the spirit-raising rally the day before, Johnson met Methuen on the latter's field. This game put another dent in Johnson's pride as she went down to a score of 46-13.

The tide changed from defeat to victory when Johnson clashed with Somerville at Grogan's Field. Trailing at the half for a single touchdown, the black and red eleven came back with a bang to upset Somerville Vocational and win 27-7.

The Boosters' Day game with Wilmington proved to be a black one for Johnson, for in spite of her gallant efforts, she was forced to succumb to a 7-0 outcome in her rival's favor.

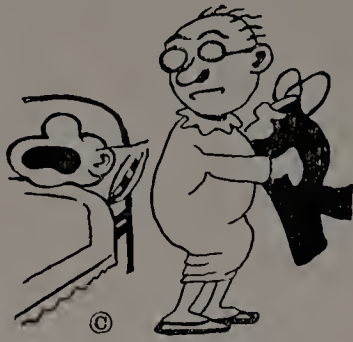
Johnson played Hudson for her first night game, in the latter's back yard. This game also proved fatal for the fighting black and reds, for they had to yield to a crackling 46-0 climax under the lights at Hudson.

After piling up a score of 34-0 in the first half, Punchard went on to defeat Johnson 41-14 at Andover, thus closing this year's Black and Red gridiron series with only one victory.

Though she has had a pretty rough season, Johnson will always come out ahead as far as cleanliness and sportsmanship go.

R.K.





## EXCHANGES

*The Archon*, Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.—*The Archon* should be congratulated for its neat appearance and its fine content material. The informal group pictures add much to your magazine. You should have more of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Canary*, Allentown High

School, Pa. *The Canary* is a well-constructed school newspaper. It shows a great deal of hard work is being put into its publication.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Head Light*, Marblehead High School. Asked if he liked intellectual girls, Eric answered, "I like a girl with a good head on my shoulders." J.L.



## HUMOR

Customer: "Are these lobsters fresh?"

Fishwife: "Madam, they are positively insulting."

\* \* \* \* \*

A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.

\* \* \* \* \*

A girl's life cycle: Safety pins, fraternity pins, clothes pins, rolling pins, safety pins.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Daffy Definitions

Moron: Something which in the wintertime girls wouldn't have so many colds if they put.

Political economy: Two words that should be divorced on grounds of incompatibility.

Oratoreador: An orator who specializes in throwing the bull.

Money: Just something that

brushes against your fingers on its way to Washington.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Young Ideas

Confession of a juvenile delinquent, "I'm the kind of a boy my mother doesn't want me to play with."

Little girl when asked what her father was doing, "He's listening to the ignited nations."

\* \* \* \* \*

A boy's voice changes at adolescence, a girl's when she answers the phone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Girls at high school

Are of two strata:

Those with dates

And those with data.

\* \* \* \* \*

*We are indebted to current publications for our jokes.*



“YOU’LL FIND IT ALL AT TREAT’S”

Everything in the Line of Sports

TREAT HARDWARE CORP.

582 ESSEX STREET                      Dial 5115                      25 BROADWAY  
Lawrence, Massachusetts  
“The House That Stands for Quality”

<p>DOWNTOWN BOOK SHOP</p> <p>BOOKS - RECORDS</p> <p>GREETING CARDS</p> <p>394 Essex Street                      Lawrence, Mass.</p> <p>Tel. 32072</p>	<p>J. W. HERON</p> <p>R. C. A. RADIO and TELEVISION</p> <p>93 Water Street                      No. Andover</p>
<p>“AFTER THE DANCE”</p> <p>THE HI SPOT</p> <p>FOR BETTER FOODS</p> <p>Tel. 9704                      267 Chickering Road</p>	<p>GOEBEL’S</p> <p>SERVICE STATION</p> <p>TIRES, TUBES, ACCESSORIES</p> <p>Tel. 9649                      Broadway, cor. Cross Street</p> <p>George F. Goebel, <i>Prop.</i>                      Lawrence</p>

D. MANGANO & SONS

Plumbing and Heating Contractors

Telephone 21415

61 ESSEX STREET                      LAWRENCE, MASS.

<p><i>Compliments of</i></p> <p>FRED HILTON</p> <p>RANGE AND FUEL OIL</p> <p>EXPERT LUBRICATION</p> <p>Cor. Salem and So. Union Streets</p> <p>South Lawrence</p>	<p>“FRIENDLY AND COURTEOUS”</p> <p>LAKESIDE</p> <p>FILLING STATION</p> <p>Albert G. Shellnutt, <i>Proprietor</i></p> <p>Cor. Osgood Street and Great Pond Road</p> <p>“LET’S GET ACQUAINTED”</p>
---	--

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

CAMERACRAFT SHOP, INC.

CAMERAS, PROJECTORS  
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

509 Essex Street                      Lawrence, Mass.  
Phone 30776

GREAT POND AGENCY

“SOURCE OF SERVICE”  
INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE

108 Main Street  
Tel. 7620  
Andrew F. Coffin, *Insurance Mgr.*  
S. A. DiMauro, *Realtor*

THE BOYNTON PRESS, INC.

*Compliments of*

GALVAGNA’S GROCERIES

53a Union Street  
Lawrence, Mass.

R. H. CAMPO CO.

Formerly A. L. Cole Co.  
STATIONERS AND  
OFFICE OUTFITTERS  
290-292 Essex Street    Lawrence, Mass.

THE  
JAMES P. HAINSWORTH  
INSURANCE AGENCY

150 Main Street                      North Andover

TROMBLY BROS.  
SERVICE STATION

EXPERT LUBRICATION  
IGNITION, CARBURETOR AND  
BRAKE REPAIR  
*Oil Burner Sales and Service*  
Range and Fuels—Wholesale and Retail  
Charter Busses    Tel. 31031 or 20657  
Sutton Street                      North Andover  
By-pass at Hillside Road

CASHMAN’S  
SERVICE STATION

Cashman Bros., *Proprietors*  
GAS, OIL, BATTERIES, TIRES  
TUBES AND ACCESSORIES  
Sutton Street                      North Andover

Please Patronize Our Advertisers



*Compliments of*

# MESSINA'S MARKET

156 SUTTON STREET  
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

## VAL'S RESTAURANT

ORDERS PUT UP TO TAKE OUT

Sandwiches and Coffee for Private  
Parties - We'll Deliver

Tel. 26716

91 Main Street North Andover, Mass.

## F. M. & T. E. ANDREW

INSURANCE

REALTORS

*Over 50 Years of Honorable Dealing*

Bay State Building Lawrence, Mass.  
Tel. 7121

*Compliments of*

## FINNERAN'S DRUG STORE



130 Main Street  
North Andover

*Compliments of*

## JOHN R. HOSKING STATIONER

Milton Bradley School Supplies  
512 Essex Street Tel. 7929 Lawrence

*Compliments of*

## SCOTT JEWELRY

428 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

# SUTTON'S MILL

*Manufacturers of*

WOOLEN GOODS

FOR WOMEN'S APPAREL

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

CALIRI, INCORPORATED

Diamond Merchants and Silversmiths

Visit Our Silver Room

447 ESSEX STREET      Near Hampshire      LAWRENCE, MASS.

Longbottom's Market

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"



Tel. 6188 - 6189 - 6180

134 Main Street      North Andover

Weiner's

INCORPORATED

FINE FURS

276 Essex Street  
Lawrence, Mass.

MAC'S GENERAL STORE

PAPERS — CANDY — ICE CREAM  
GROCERIES — GREETING CARDS

7 Johnson Street

Tel. 30697      No. Andover, Mass.

LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.

SPORTING GOODS  
SPORT CLOTHING  
MOCCASINS  
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

464 Essex Street      Lawrence, Mass.

GEO. LORD & SON

Established 1869

"THE STORE of BETTER SHOES"

445 Essex Street  
Lawrence, Mass.

HERBERT H. LYONS

LINENS — HANDKERCHIEFS  
ART GOODS

259 Essex Street      Lawrence, Mass.  
Tel. 30801

Please Patronize Our Advertisers



---

PERFUMES

*To Suit Your Personality*

**CODY'S COSMETICS**



583 Essex Street

Opp. Treat's

Lawrence, Mass.

**F. A. HISCOX & CO.**

GENERAL DRY GOODS

Home Furnishings

Women's Apparel

Infants' Wear and Accessories

496-498-500 Essex St. Lawrence, Mass.

---

**THE FURNITURE BARN**

FINE FURNITURE

AT LOW PRICES

Wilson's Corner

North Andover

**MEAGAN'S**

REXALL DRUG STORE



Telephone 28138

48 Water Street

North Andover

---

Compliments of

**THE ANDOVER SAVINGS BANK**

ANDOVER

NORTH ANDOVER

METHUEN

---

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

COME TO

# MACARTNEY'S

LAWRENCE, MASS.

284 Essex Street                      Lawrence, Mass.

# A. B. SUTHERLAND CO.

# DEPARTMENT STORE

[illegible]

TELEPHONE 37173

LAWRENCE, MASS.

## Please Patronize Our Advertisers



ROAD SERVICE

ACCESSORIES

# TURNPIKE SERVICE STATION

*For Courteous, Efficient Service*

**YOUR TEXACO DEALER**

E. W. Saul

1705 TURNPIKE STREET

ROUTE 114

NO. ANDOVER

## SUMMERS' SUNOCO SERVICE

148 Sutton Street

North Andover

## POWERS GREETING CARDS

*"Your Thoughts as You Want Them  
Expressed"*

364 Essex Street

Lawrence, Mass.

## THATCHED ROOF, INC.

North Andover, Mass.

DELICIOUS FOOD SERVED AT  
ALL TIMES

It's the Taste That Counts

*Compliments of*

## ELITE PHARMACY

Joseph Campione, *Reg. Ph.*



220 Middlesex Street

North Andover

Tel. 33979

FOR A SNACK

FOR A TREAT

THE PLACE IS

## THE DEN

Clams - Pizza - Spaghetti  
Sandwiches

Route 114, Den Rock Road

Tel. 9888

## WALTER W. ROWE



When You Want the  
FINEST IN FURNITURE  
Call WALTER W. ROWE, Tel. 21834

Blakely Building

Lawrence, Mass.

## TAYLOR SHOP



398 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

# DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE CO.



NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

---

DIVIDENDS on SAVINGS DEPOSITS  
AT 3 % PER ANNUM

**MERRIMACK  
COOPERATIVE BANK**

264 Essex Street      Lawrence, Mass.

---

*Complete Equipment for Every Sport*

**WHITWORTH'S**  
  
RUBBER AND SPORTING GOODS  
STORE

581 Essex Street      Lawrence

*Compliments of*

## A FRIEND

---

**ADELARD J. TREMBLAY**  
OPTICIAN

47 Broadway      Lawrence, Mass.  
Tel. 35842

---

**LAMEY - WELLEHAN**

Successors to D. D. Mahony & Sons

SHOES AND HOSIERY  
FOR  
EVERY OCCASION

331 Essex Street      Lawrence, Mass.

---

Please Patronize Our Advertisers



---

## CRANE HARDWARE CO.

Paints—Householdwares—Glass  
and Electrical Supplies

Telephone 7787

73 Main Street

North Andover

---

## J. PHELAN GROCERIES



87 Main Street

North Andover

---

## WOODY'S

FEATURING

Fried Clams

French Fries

Chicken Bar-B-Q's Pepper Steaks

Hot Dogs

Try some of our FRIED FISH served  
with French Fries - - - - Large Order 60c

Chickering Road

North Andover

---

## BUNNY'S CATERING SERVICE

BUNNY'S RESTAURANT

WE CATER ANYWHERE — TO ANY SIZE AFFAIR

Kenneth H. Dobson, *Prop.*

*"Caterer of Distinction"*

Den Rock Road, Lawrence

Dial 4323

---

*Compliments of*

## FREDERICK E. ALLEN

FUNERAL DIRECTOR



402 BROADWAY

Phone 32427

LAWRENCE, MASS.

---

EVERY HIGH SCHOOL GIRL KNOWS

## CHERRY & WEBB'S

IS TOPS FOR CLOTHES

---

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

---

# CARL W. KNIGHTLY

Johnson High School — 1920

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

MODERN FUNERAL HOME



449 BROADWAY

LAWRENCE, MASS.

---

## SMITH MOTOR COMPANY

CHEVROLET

SALES and SERVICE

CARS  
329 Jackson  
Tel. 4166

TRUCKS  
Jackson at Swan  
Tel. 4568

---

Please Patronize Our Advertisers